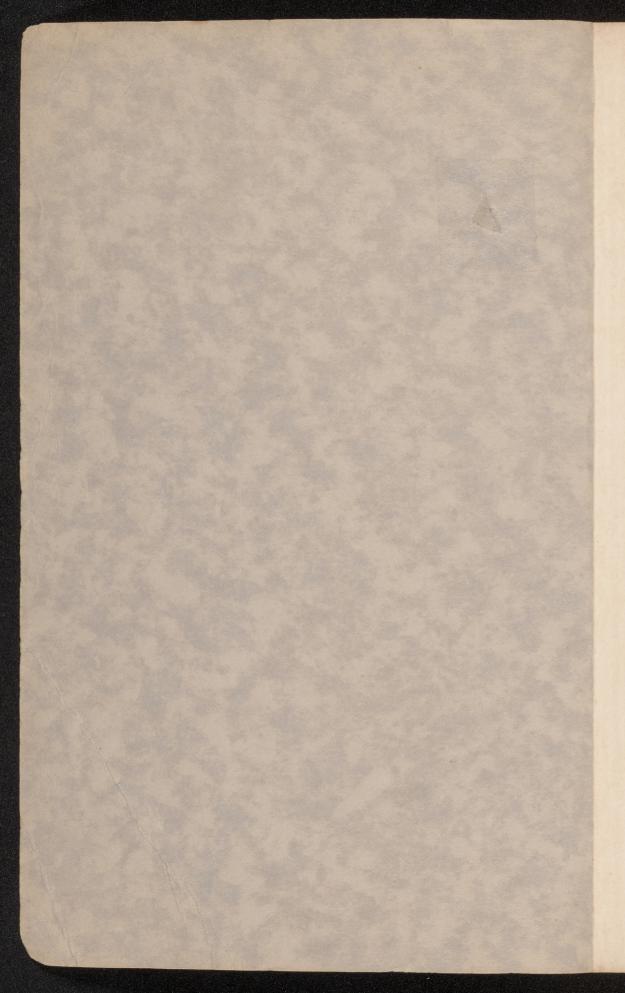
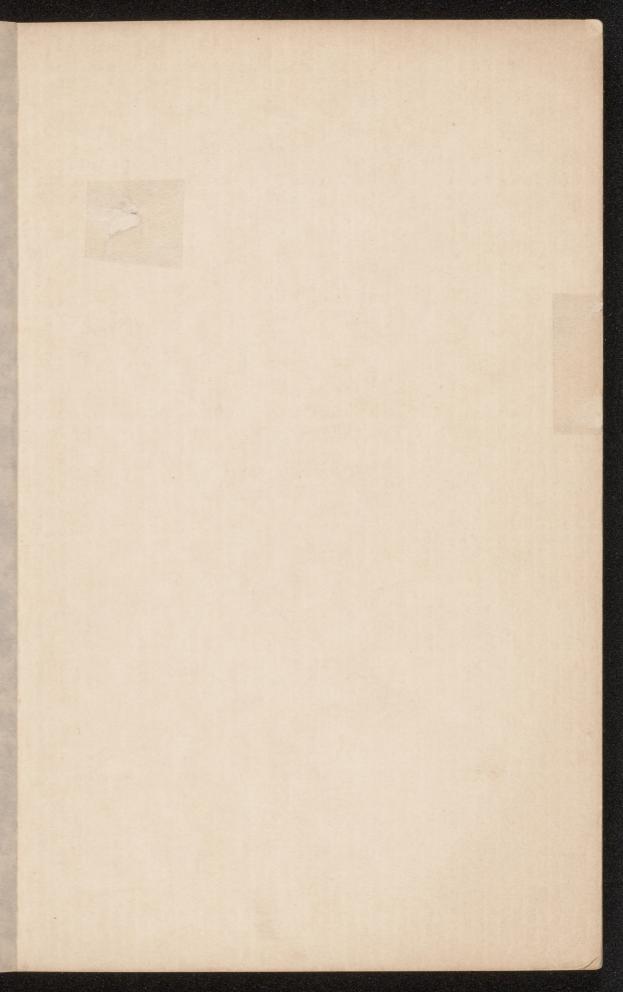




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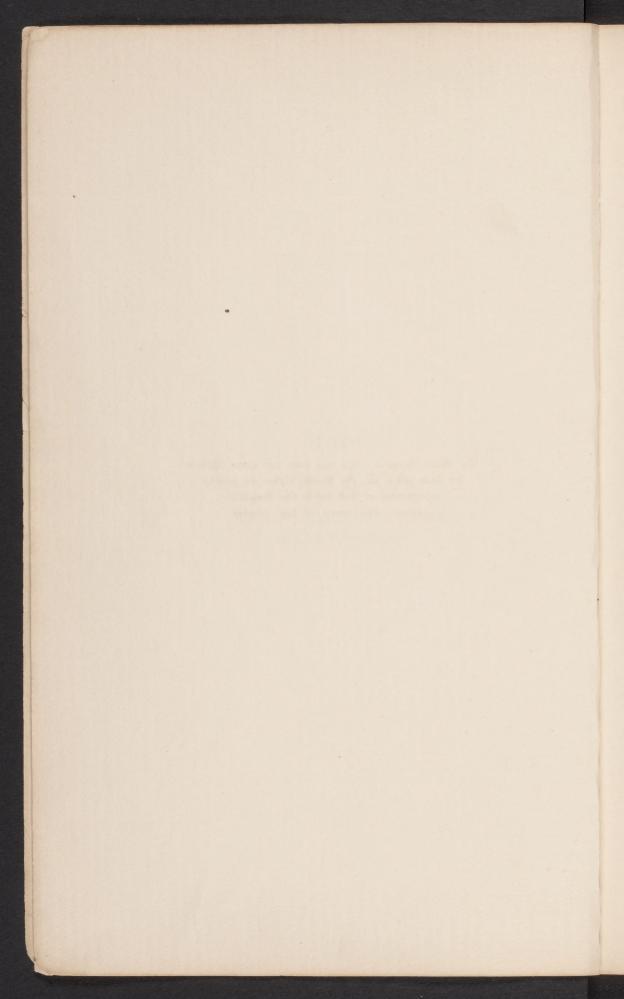


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1917 AZALEA

ANALY UNION HIGH SCHOOL

SEBASTOPOL, CALIFORNIA



To Miss Gregory, who has been our class advisor for four years, we, the Senior Class, in grateful recognition of her work, do thankfully dedicate this issue of the Azalea

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LITERARY

Blood Will Tell

(A true story)

N the year 1850 Jasper O'Farrel, an Irish engineer who came to California in the early 30's, bought from an original grantor for a few cattle, a piece of land that now comprises almost all of western Sonoma county.

"Jose," said O'Farrel one morning to a tall, straight, black haired, black eyed young fellow who was smoking a cigarette and lazily sunning himself on the east side of an old adobe barn, "you and Pat get on your ponies and go to Fort Ross after that bunch of steers we took up there last fall. You better pack Old Baldy up with enough grub to last a week, because those steers will sure be wild and will round up like a pack of antelope."

Jose was twenty-one years old. His mother was a squaw, but his father was a Spanish gentleman, at one time a rich ranchero, who lost his fortune, and, incidentally, committed sucide when his big black failed by a nose length to beat out a little bay filly, on one of the numerous holiday festivals of early California. Jose's heritage was a pair of silver spurs, taken in the sack of the Alhambra, a red silk scarf, and the ability to sit on anything on four legs. It was the latter that got him his job on the O'Farrel ranch.

Pat, O'Farrel's nephew, a mere boy, was an irresponsible, blue eyed, red haired, wiry little Irishman, the favorite of the ranch and neighborhood.

"Yes, my friend, that was a very good throw, but it would be better if you would make your arm and wrist do more work; sit up straight and don't sway so."

It was Jose who said this to his friend and protege, the young Pat, when the latter had at last, after about the thirteenth attempt, successfully roped the Irishman. They were riding along in the little valley a few miles above what is now the town of Cazadero, where the Austin Creek ceases its tumbling, and travels in a leisurely dignified course for a few hundred yards. It was the middle of the afternoon on the first day of their trip after the cattle.

"Regard me closely, Amigo, and I will show you how. Get a few paces further away. Ah! now that's it; watch!" Jose took his rawhide lariat from the horn of his saddle, whirled it twice around his head and with a dexterous twist of his wrist and forearm sent the snaky coils at Pat's head. The rawhide rope uncannily uncoiled itself across the fifty foot space and settled squarely on Pat's shoulders. "Did you see how that—", but Jose never finished the sentence. The drowsy little buckskin that the Irishman was riding, head-down and apparently half asleep, saw the rope, and remembering the hot iron that followed the choking cord, gave a cat-like jump.

There was a crack, like a pistol report, and Patrick Callahan was squirming on the ground with a broken neck. In an instant Jose had the limp form in his arms. 'Oh, my friend, my friend, tell me you are not hurt; surely Jose could not hurt

his friend. Speak to me, please!"

Two blue eyes opened and looked into two frightened black ones. "Quit your bawlin', Joe; I'm a goner; neck snapped. What's the difference? No good, anyway. Say, Joe, tell the boys I went prospectin'; they won't believe you if you tell 'em the truth." The last words were barely distinguish-

able, and a minute later Pat was dead.

Jose's conscience said, "Confess, make a clean breast of it," but his Indian blood argued, "It will not bring Pat to life, and besides they might hang you for it and you are innocent." So Jose told Judge Jasper O'Farrel that Pat went prospecting. Judge Jasper O'Farrel called Pat forty Irish adjectives and said prospecting was a good occupation for such a worthless cuss.

TT

"Hold on, son; there will be no lynching around here, not as long as I'm sheriff and judge of these diggings. If Jose is found guilty by a jury I'll sentence him, but until then you keep your hands off, this is a law-abiding country, see?"

"Aw, shucks, Judge, you don't have to have no trial for

a ornery half-breed; just string 'em up or drag 'em a bit, that's all. Say, a bunch of us boys will do it, and you'll never have to know what happened. Lemme get up a party, will you, Judge?''

"No," said O'Farrel, and there was no lynching party.

The trial was held in the living room of Jasper O'Farrel's ranch house. It was a long room, with a fireplace at one end, devoid of furniture, except a bare redwood table and a couple of rough benches. On the wall were two pair of buck horns, which supported a muzzle-loading rifle, and on one of the antlers hung a powder horn. A stout peg in the corner supported a heavy saddle.

Jose told the truth from the beginning to the end, but he told it in an Indian fashion. He was sullen and marose; he refused to look at the jurors, but kept his lowered eyes on Judge O'Farrel's face. Seven jurors, including the prosecuting attorney, heard and doubted; one judge heard and believed. Seven jurors voted guilty of murder in the first degree.

Judge O'Farrel personally knew the young man was innocent, yet the jury said "guilty." There was nothing else for him to do. "Jose," he said, trying to look sternly at the prisoner, "You will be hanged tomorrow morning at sunrise, on that big oak tree where we killed those coons. Sabe?"

It was a different Jose that answered. He drew himself up to his six feet two inches and said: "Yes, Senor Judge Jasper, and how may I go to this tree?"

"You may ride your Don Pedro unguarded, Jose, and you will not be watched tonight, either," said Judge O'Farrel.

Jose flashed him a smile which exposed a row of strong white teeth, and replied, "Thank you, Senor, you are a gentleman like my father was. Good night," and so saying, he deliberately turned his back on the seven jurors and left the room.

As the first gray streaks of dawn were climbing over English Hill, Jose was at the old deformed oak tree, the first there. He was dressed in his gayest attire, with his red silk sash around his waist, and was singing some old Spanish love ballad that his father had taught him.

Jasper O'Farrel was the last to come . He would have preferred to stay away altogether, but he thought the legality of the affair demanded his presence.

Jose rode up to him, dismounted, and extended his hand. "Ah, Senor Judge," he said, "I am glad you have come; you

have always been my friend. Here, I give you these to keep always, Senor," and he handed O'Farrel his silver spurs. "My father's father's grandfather had them, Senor; they were taken from the heathens many years ago, my father told me. My ancestors were great men, Senor Judge."

"But—but, Jose," said the old man, trying to make his face belie the mist in his eyes. "But, my boy, I sentenced you to be

hanged. Why do you give me these?"

"Yes, Judge Jasper, you sentenced me to death, but you did not believe me guilty. Those dogs," he said, with a contemptous gesture of his hand, indicating the small group of men in the distance, "They said Guilty! What do they know of truth? You know I was innocent, Senor, but you could do nothing with them. Why do you put on that tiger look? It cannot fool me, and besides your eyes make it lie. Death is pleasing to me, Friend Jasper, when I know that you know I'm innocent."

Without saying a word, Judge O'Farrel accepted the proffered spurs, and then gazed intently away at some distant

landscape.

The first rays of sun lighted the morning heavens in the west. A brown bird twittered in a nearby bush, and a far-off quail whistled to its mate. Higher and higher climbed Old Sol, until finally his old bald head poked over the rim of English Hill and looked disdainfully down at a quiet group of men and a gnarly old oak. "Adios, Senor Judge, you will see me again with my father and little Pat," said Jose. But the Hon. Jasper O'Farrel's retreating form had passed around a turn and out of hearing. A rope creaked over a rough oak limb.

-Roy Williamson.

The Desert Rat

O one knew where he came from or when he arrived in Bodie, nor did anyone care. After he had hung around camp long enough to gain the sobriquet of Useless and to be grubstaked he set out in the search of the Great Mother Lodge.

Day after day, with his two burros for his companions, Useless picked inquiringly at the dull rock surface, and many a time had the blood rushed to his head and his heart beat wildly when he dug out a rich shovelful of pay dirt, but the next shovelful would be barren, and the next, until he knew

that was a touch of irony on the part of Nature.

But when the blistering sun sank over the desert, leaving the great waste of sand and sage brush sharply defined in the clear air, and when the stars shone like huge candles, there arose a feeling of peace and happiness in the heart of Useless, and as he fried his bacon he addressed his remarks to his jacks, who always answered him in the affirmative by wriggling their ears.

Time passed, leaving little of its mark upon Useless except that he became a little more bent and more hopeful, until people when they spoke of him laughed and pointed to their

heads.

For truly the desert had gripped him, gripped him with her tenacious hold, and while hating her and her merciless cruelty, for 'tis only on her bosom can the strongest survive, yet he loved her as his home, his as much as that of the wolf and the buzzard.

Then one momentous day Bodie was stirred clear to her foundations, for the rumor had spread that Useless, the "Rat of the Desert," had struck it rich on a huge vein of ore. Surely this was enough to startle any of the natives, for Useless had so long been deemed a harmless lunatic that the thought of him striking pay dirt was surprising.

Then came another surprise. Useless and his grubstaker, a local saloon man, had sold out to the Bodie Mining Co. for one hundred thousand dollars, and had set out to see the sights of San Francisco and, as Useless expressed it, "to see what a tree looked like and where water wasn't the color of coffee."

After they had nearly asphyxiated themselves by blowing

out the gas, and when they had gotten gloriously drunk, seen all the sights that this cosmopolitan city could offer, Useless became lonesome and expressed a desire to see his relatives in Springfield, Connecticut, and he accordingly went with his old carpetbag, his high boots and his big sombrero, becoming an object of curiosity to the passengers on the trains in the East.

In Springfield he found some nephews and nieces who looked upon him as a profitable investment, each trying to

outdo the other in entertaining him.

But he soon became tired of the fol-de-rols, for the stiff collars choked and chafted his neck, the tight-fitting shoes hurt his feet, and he was eternally letting slip some cuss word that made it rather confusing for the party. He could never eat without using his knife instead of his fork, and when it came to the soup he always made enough noise to drown the conversation.

The family at length despairingly left him to his own resources, and he soon found a beanery at the lower end of the city, to which he would go and gorge himself upon his favor-

ite dish.

As winter drew on the stuffy houses with their red-hot stoves stifled and gagged him, the numerous people bothered him, the food choked him and the extravagance with water, for a quart of the precious fluid may mean your life on the desert, worried him. He wanted his old clothes, he wanted his jacks, and, Oh! he wanted the desert.

A few days later he did not come down to breakfast, and one of his nieces, half comforted in the thought that he had passed away in the night, went up to find the cause. On entering she found the bed unoccupied and her estimable uncle

vanished.

One morning there arrived in Bodie an old familiar figure who was joyfully hailed by the inhabitants. How good it was to be affectionately cussed and to be marched up to the bar, and have the bartender address him in the old familiar way.

Useless again startled the natives of Bodie by giving to a San Francisco Orphan Asylum his entire fortune, retaining only enough to grubstake himself. Then one morning, as the heat waves were beginning to dance over the waste, there came down the lone trail a man and two burros, and disappeared in the sage. That was the last seen of Useless. Perhaps a deadly sidewinder bit him, perhaps his jacks stampeded with his water; who knows? Only the desert, and she does not care to tell, but there is no doubt in the minds of idlers, as they discuss the matter, that Useless was drawn to his death, as the nail is to the magnet.

Bodie has been in ashes for the last thirty years, and the mines are forgotten, but still in the seeking there is oftentimes more joy than in the reward.

—Lee Walker.

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Little Star Breamer

Daddy says you're a star on high,
And you wander way up in the sky
To guide the angels with your light
So's they won't have a bit of fright
To play in Heaven when it's night.
But I'm awful lonesome, little star,
And when I gaze at you so far,
So far away up in the blue,
I can't help thinking you're lonesome, too.
So don't you think if you might try
The Lord 'ud let you leave the sky
To come on Earth and play with me?—
'Cause I'm jes' sure we could agree.

Hand in hand we'd walk the shore And be jes' playmates evermore. And in my sand along the sea We could build a kingdom for you and me. And we'd let the other stars come, too, If they 'ud tell us really true Where all the little fairies grew, So's we could get one for me and you-Or else perhaps we'd get us two. And when we got our kingdom thro' There'd be the fairies, me and you, In a little home jes' all our own Where the bestest breezes have always blown, Down beside the great deep sea, Jes' the fairies, you and me. -Don Walker.

Aurple Cassius

HE color purple has always been a sign of royalty. The ancient kings of Tyre, Crete, Babalon and Egypt wore purple robes in triumphal processions after the return of a victorious raid. The kings of the middle ages wore purple robes on state occasions and royal gatherings. There are probably very few mortals who have ever cared to hear an explanation of this, but every fairy knows the tale and keeps the secret well guarded, as it is not known outside of Fairyland.

Fairies are tiny transparent mystical figures that have been so formed by the magic wand of the Great Fairy Queen who rules and guards both mortals and spirits. The fairies are her helpers and followers. They do her bidding always obediently and are given upon the day they enter Fairyland twenty tiny golden tablets on which are written the rules and rites they are always to follow. Besides these tablets they are also given one of lead on which is written the reason why communication between mortals and fairies has been prohibited. The tablet is named "Purple Cassius" and the engraving is done in purple.

The story is as follows and was told to me by a small elf who had been banished by the great queen:

There grew in the garden of the mother spirit many, many years ago, a beautiful purple flower called Purple Cassius. The juice of this, when squeezed upon any object, would instantly change it to that which it most desired to be.

This flower was a favorite of the queen, as she loved it even more than the little white fairy kittens that played with the golden tassels on her throne. No other eyes but her own and those of Zad, the gardener, were allowed to gaze upon this precious herb.

One day a terrible calamity fell upon this land of mystic sunshine and tinted flowers. The queen was visiting a distant province, trying to settle a dispute between a haughty dragon fly and a grumbling angleworm, which was caused because the latter did not attend to his own business and tried to make love to the other's heart's desire. It also happened at full moon. Zad just slipped around the corner of a bushy hedge

to gossip with a moth who was carrying the latest news of everything that had happened.

The result was that when he came back the purple flower

was gone.

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Zad, being very foolish, as many of us are, thought the blame was his, so he ran away and hanged himself on the trailer of a sweet pea vine.

As soon as the queen came home she called for Zad. All the servants knew the story and trembled in their little leaf shoes.

"Where is Zad?" the queen asked; "tell him to bring to

me my wishing flower, Purple Cassius."

"Ah! Greatest of queens, we have a sad story to tell you," quoted one wee fellow, quivering from the little curl that stood straight up on his forehead to his tiny green-topped shoes, and he told what had happened.

"Well said, little one," she murmured, "you are a true fairy to come with the truth to your queen. I feel deeply moved that Zad was so foolish for he was a good servant and I trusted him. Now we must search for my flower, and if ever

it is found, the thieves will pay dearly for it."

Then the search began. Every cobweb, bluebell and buttercup threw open his doors to show that he had not committed the crime. Every elf and fairy dropped his work and sought everywhere for the missing flower. After many days of searching the queen called an assembly on the mossy campus where the white violets always bloom.

Silence like that of midnight held all spellbound, for it had been whispered that the queen had at last found the cul-

prits. Then she spoke.

"You, one and all, have been faithful and have added honor to the fairy name. Perhaps every one of you know that another world exists besides our own. We often go there to help the mortals that inhabit it when they are in trouble. From now on all communication shall be shut off and I will set a pest upon their land, as they are the thieves of the Purple Cassius.

"This pest shall be the flower itself. It will never be visible to the human eye and it shall cause the inhabitants of this other land to fight and kill. Hitherto everything the flower touched became purple, which is the favorite color of Fairyland. Henceforth everything will become that which is

most hated by all spirits because it deceives the eyesight by

its glimmering, and this is gold.

"Never will the purple color appear except when the genius of their wise are able to dissolve it in Agua Regia. Then the original color will appear as a precipitate. I leave this as a reminder of the sin that will always hang over them.

"Alas, the color is forever banished from this land of beauty, and the leaders of these mighty ones must wear robes

of the sin at times of enjoyment."

The queen had spoken, and for ten days and nights there was feasting in Fairyland.

—Ella Harbine.

The Lost Ship

Upon the wind-swept shore,
I watch the fisher child
The while he carves his boat,
With whistling wild.

At last are shaped the hull, And seats for elfins' ease; While from the mast its sails Flap to the breeze.

Christened where ripples kiss
The sands in quiet grace,
His fairy ship rides proud
With even pace.

What joy and pride are his,
Turning the hoisted sail
To meet, with open hands,
The rocking gale.

But when its magic keel
Glides far beyond his reach,
He, leaving waves that smile,
Mourns on the beach.

I stroll the shore of Life.

The hopes that sail with dawn,
Floating o'er unknown seas,

Are ever gone!

-Lawrence Dayton.

An Old Manuscript

(Editor's Note:—Some years ago an old battlefield was discovered at Tiefenau, near Berne. There were found numerous objects made of iron, such as fragments of chariots, bits for horses, wheels, pieces of coats of mail, and arms of various sorts, including no less than one hundred swords. But the most interesting "find" was an old manuscript, which was discovered in a helmet of bronze. The following manuscript was written by a Roman trader who traveled with Julius Caesar on his conquest of Gaul.)

S the army came to a halt at the ninth hour in a plain high up in the mountains of Helvetia, I left with my stock of wines upon my back and went across the plains and over the high hills to the north in search of consumers. As I was wending my way down the steep and rugged mountainside, I suddenly noted that the tangled forest thru which I had been walking had ended abruptly on the shore of a shining lake, as blue and as beautiful as the heavens above it, with the images of the snow-capped mountains reflected here and there upon its crystal surface. Engrossed in the beauty of the picture, I clambered over a hillock and saw what was as unexpected as it was unique, and one never before witnessed by Before me over the water was a village. There was a narrow bridge from the shore, extending some one hundred paces over the water to the platform of logs which rested on piles which had been sunk in the lake, and upon which the village, a mere collection of thatched huts, had been built.

But my peace was short-lived. I looked up to behold two bone spears, one on either side of me, in the hands of two barbarians, whose faces had never been shaved, and whose hair completely covered their otherwise naked bodies. A blow

on the head and I knew no more. * * * * *

I imagined several hours later that I was sitting on an iceberg on the summit of the Alps, and that it was very cold. I tried to reason with myself that this could not be, yet I felt such a cold wind blowing over me that I shivered. It was then that I recovered my consciousness. I tried to pierce the darkness that enveloped me, but could not. I put out my hand towards the ground and found it met with no resistance. The

inexplicable phonomenon that I was lying upon an object and yet could put my right hand thru it, troubled me not a little. Trying to rise, I found that I was securely tied. Afraid to move for fear that I would fall, I determined to lie where I was until morning. * * * * * * *

(The manuscript is untranslatable at this point. It ap-

pears to concern his troubles during the night.)

The day broke. How different was the aspect! In lieu of a deep, black hole on either side of me, there was a floor of small poles, which crossed each other at about one-third of a foot apart, but where I was lying, one of these had been broken, which explains the mystery of the abyss. The walls enclosing me were about three feet high and the room six feet square. In one corner of the room was a hole in the floor through which I judged they put their fish basket which stood near it in the water. While this surveillance was in progress. I was working at the thongs which bound, and after an hour's work was free. I went out on the platform and saw children tethered by chords of leather for fear they might fall in the water below them. But the most surprising fact was the absence of visible men. But I could hear them yelling at the top of their voices. Then it dawned upon me that they were drunk—drunk with the wines I had carried with me to sell. I was a ruined man! I had lost all my property at the hands of these barbarians! But I didn't remain longer, but ran over the bridge to land and set out towards the army.

After traversing a great distance, I saw that I was lost. I wandered over hill and down dale, waded throu swamps and streams, suffered under the heat of the sun in the valleys, and shivered from cold on the snow-capped hills. A yell; a group of warriors announced that I was a prisoner. There was nothing to do but submit, altho I expostulated and used every language at my command, but in vain. They carried me to a small, but exceedingly dirty village. The people were dirty, the animals were dirty, the houses were dirty. The bodies of these savages were covered with a cake of soot and dirt which stuck to the oil on their bodies. In their hair this had hardened and appeared like a crust, or cap of black mortar. Over their shoulders they wore one skin and another around their waists. For ornaments they wore rings of iron, copper, ivory, or leather. Here and there were huts about four feet high, fourteen feet long and ten feet wide. Poles had been fastened into the ground at both ends to furnish the support for the roof, a mat of bulrushes and flags, which were so closely fitted together that I believe the rain could not penetrate them. One end of the huts was left open, which disclosed the fact that they had few articles of furniture, other than their weapons, consisting of bone spears, and a few cooking utensils, such as earthen pots.

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But it was not my lot to enjoy the shelter of one of these mansions. My captors hurried me to an old oak, the inside of which had been hollowed out so that it was slightly larger than the room required by a human being. They rushed me inside of this, and secured me therein by passing thongs around the trunk of the tree so that I was veritably a prisoner, tho not bound.

But hark! Misericorde! A rumble filled the air; the sky became overcast; the rain fell; the wind blew; the lightning dazzled; the thunder deafened.

A crash, and the tree which had held me captive had fallen headlong, broken many huts, frightened the natives, and left me free.

Free at last! What should I do? The natives decided this for me. From every direction came human beings, man and woman, youth and maiden, boy and girl, each with his offering of gold or silver, bewildering me with their obsecration, surprising me with their eagerness, almost smothering me in their haste, and, kneeling before me, they left such a mound of articles around me that some stray god might have taken me for a mummy that had been buried in tumuli.

Selecting the most valuable jewels and gold ornaments, I hastily left the village in the direction in which I thought the army might be. I knew that the storm would prevent it from moving, so I quickly traversed as many miles as possible. But I had not been on the road long, when upon hearing a shout I turned and saw following me the whole savage host. Not to be caught as I had been twice before, I dodged into the underbrush, and, still carrying my load with me, I endeavored to evade my tormentors. After wading thru several streams, and hiding my traces in every possible manner, I sat down to rest.

Ecce! By Jove! The sound of moving feet! My captors! Misericorde! What shall I do? I crawled under an old, half-rotten log, which offered protection on three sides

only. It was a safe hiding place when my pursuers were not looking at it. I waited, and my heart was palpitating with great velocity. The barbarians! There comes the chief with his long bone spear pointed at me. Ah! he sees me! His spear is poised! His arm is drawn back! Oh! I die the death of a dog! But hark! The chief falls! A javelin is in his side. The barbarians turn and run. What new and dreadful enemy is this. A moment later I know. They are scouts, picked by

Caesar, who have been searching the country.

How joyful was I that I could now return to the camp. After a short time we came in sight of the great "castra," with the shields of the soldiers gleaming in the sun that was again shining in its original lustre. As we passed the gates great Caesar, himself, said to me with great kindness, "I'm glad my scouts found you. I thought that you were lost." It's no wonder all the army likes its imperator. He always takes an interest in their private affairs. We are to move camp in the morning, so there is no haste, but hold! an army is coming across the plains towards our camp and I must * * * (Finis) Willard B. Akers.



Reberies

Have you ever searched and fathomed depths
Of the mystery art called Dreams?
Have you ever thought of life in another
Way than which it seems?
Have you ever stopped to dream a while
As the busy hours fly?
Or are you one of those who let
The time go dragging by?

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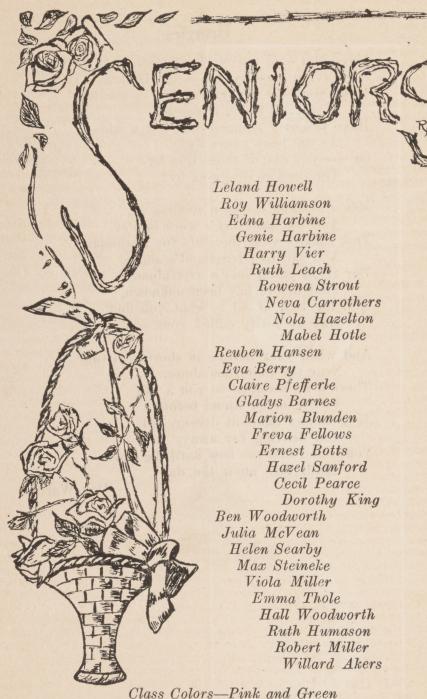
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When evening comes a'stealing in,
And the hard day's work is o'er,
Just embark your thoughts for Dreamland
And sail to Dreamland's shore.
For there you'll find a restfulness
That before has been unknown,
And the best of all is what you find
May be justly called your own.

And when your barque is slowly drifting
Near the wondrous shore,
There'll be revealed to you a life
You've never found before.
Just fathom out that dreamy art,
And drifting far away,
You'll find that ere how hard the work
You'll face anew the day.

-Don Walker.



Class Colors—Pink and Green Class Flower—Pink Rosebud



EDNA HARBINE
I am glad she is so
quiet

LELAND HOWELL

Does he not hold up
his head, as it were,
and strut in his
gait?

MISS GREGORY
Class Advisor

ROY WILLIAMSON

A most reverent
gentleman



$\begin{array}{c} HALL \\ WOODWORTH \end{array}$

At odds with his own gravity

EMMA THOLE

You have a nimble wit

MAX STEINEKE

Oh! it is excellent. I have a giant's strength

VIOLA MILLER

"Viola"—I'm all the daughters of my father's house



EVA BERRY

And though she be but little she is fierce

MARIAN BLUNDEN

I will roar, that it will do any man good to hear me

$CLAIRE \\ PFEFFERLE$

She capers, she dances, she has eyes of youth

GLADYS BARNES

Her meek devotion poured a prayer



NEVA CARROTHERS Why, sir, she's a good creature

REUBEN HANSEN
The man that hath no music in himself

NOLA HAZELTON
Why, look you, how
you storm!

MABEL HOTLE
A day in April never
came too sweet



EUGENIA HARBINE

Quick to learn and wise to know

HARRY VIER

His words were sweetly placed and modestly directed

ROWENA STROUT

She mocks all her wooers out of suit

RUTH LEACH

In faith, her hair is of a good color



HELEN SEARBY

I have ne'er a tongue in my head

BEN WOODWORTH

Allay with some cold drops of modesty The skipping spirit

JULIA McVEAN

She was a woman on whom one built an absolute trust

DOROTHY KING

Being a goose and rather wild than tame



FREVA FELLOWS
In faith, lady, you have

a merry heart

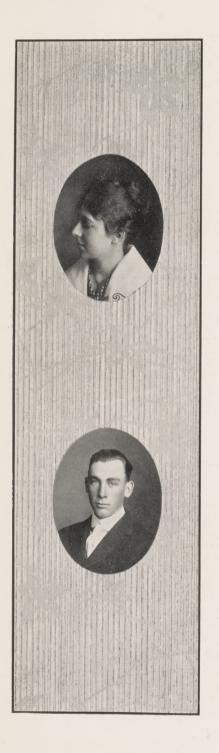
ERNEST BOTTS

Divinely tall and most divinely fair

HAZEL SANFORD

Pensive awhile she dreams awake

CECIL PEARCE
Seldom he smiles



RUTH HUMASON

I would rather sleep
than talk

ROBERT MILLER
I almost die for food



T may be true that "History repeats itself," but that does not necessarily mean that histories must repeat one another. Even a class history does not have to begin, "Four years ago," in order to be true.

The class of 1917 is now about to be graduated. In looking back over our high school days we realize that although we have had a hard struggle, we have earned some of the honors which we sought and have enjoyed every day here at Analy.

In the fall of 1913, when our class first invaded Analy, we were strong in numbers if not in knowledge. There were sixty-nine of us, each determined to make our class as good a class as this school had even seen. It was during that first year of our high school life that "Blink" Williamson started his marvelous athletic career by taking a "first place" in the spring track meet, winning honor for himself and recognition for the school.

Of all the events of a busy Sophomore year one thing stands out most prominently in my memory. That is our "class stunt." We cannot soon forget Ernest Botts as the blushing bride or Genie Harbine as the craven bridegroom. Harry Vier, the weeping mother, touched many hearts with his grief, and Dorothy King won the admiration of many as the gallant Lochinvar.

Under the leadership of May Ten Eyck we passed an

active Junior year. Williamson, our star athlete, won honors for us in both the fall and spring track meets. Again we were called upon to help entertain a large audience with a "stunt." This time we had a cowboy "movie," in which Hall Woodworth made a very picturesque cowboy lover for the charming cowgirl, Edna Harbine. Emma Thole, as an old Negro musician, caused much mirth. In the spring of the year the Juniors took the Seniors to the river and showed them the "time of their lives," as many said. We ended a happy year by decorating the pretty amphitheatre for the out-of-doors graduation for the class of '16.

We entered wholeheartedly into the school activities during our Senior year. It is true we had lost our much loved president, May Ten Eyck, but we were soon made to forget our

loss under the able leadership of Leland Howell.

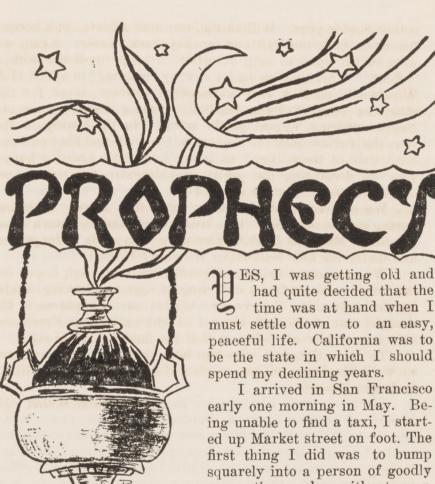
We are now nearing our graduation with high hopes for the future. We do feel a dull pang of regret at leaving Analy, but the only thing that really blights our happiness is the thought that of the sixty-nine of us who entered as Freshmen, only twenty-nine are left now that the final goal is in sight.

To Miss Gregory, who has been our class advisor since we were Freshmen, we owe a great deal, and we are not likely

to forget it soon.

Rowena Strout, '17.





early one morning in May. Being unable to find a taxi, I started up Market street on foot. The first thing I did was to bump squarely into a person of goodly proportions, who, without even attempting to apologize, began to point wildly in the air and to cry excitedly, "There he goes!" I looked, of course, but saw nothing except a

long yellow streak across the sky which quickly disappeared. "I don't see anybody," I said, disgustedly, and, picking up my suitcase, I started to go, when I happened to look into this person's face. I was the most surprised individual you could imagine, for it was no other than my old friend, Neva Carrothers. Neva, however, didn't seem to be even aware of my presence but kept staring open-mouthed into the sky. I was quite exasperated at her treatment of me and

taking her by the arm, I shook her, asking her what she could possibly be looking at up there. This seemed to sober her, and, ceasing to look into the sky, she told me briefly of the wonderful achievement of Cecil Pearce, whom she had been looking at. It seemed that Cecil had developed a most marvelous aircraft. one that would travel instantly from one place to another, no matter where nor how far. I asked Neva if it would not be possible for us to see Cecil and talk with him. She said that ordinarily it would be most difficult but that Cecil had given her a card that would admit her past the guard at his residence. That afternoon we went to see him. He said that he had been working at this great invention ever since the days when he took Physics, and told us quite frankly that his aircraft was based on the theory of the electro-magnet, first made so real to him during Lab days under the able direction of our patient and long-suffering teacher, Miss Robinson.

As we sat there we talked of our young days and of the good old days of '17. We wondered what each and every one from the old class was doing. "I have it!" Cecil cried suddenly in so violent a way that Neva and I were both quite frightened. "We will," he continued, "go by means of my aircraft to all corners of the earth and find out what all the old

kids are doing."

Early the next morning we three climbed into this most wonderful creation, having decided to go east, first visiting the Rockies, then the middle states, etc. When we were ready to start, Cecil adjusted a small gauge to one of the highest and wildest parts of the Rockies. Whrrr! and we were at the place gauged by Cecil. Quite close to where we stopped we were amazed to see a grizzled old man, standing in the midst of a heap of scientific books and apparatus. He had one eye glued to the transit of a great surveying apparatus, and was gazing off across the mountains. This old man we recognized as Max Steineke. He seemed impatient at our interruption of his work and, without taking his eye from the transit, informed us that he was still hunting for an error in Crickett's Trigonometry.

We left Max and sailed down the fertile plains of the Mississippi, stopping at last at one of the largest and most wonderful farms I have ever seen. This, we were told, was the home and grounds of the famous Onion Queen, Juila McVean. We visited Julia and she proudly showed us over her farm.

Once Julia had to stop and speak very harshly to a thriftless gardener. We found this gardner to be no other than our old

friend Harry Vier.

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After leaving the onion farm we sailed to Washington, D. C. While there we decided to take in the sights. First we visited the Senate, in which a lively debate was in progress. One of the women had been arguing with more than ordinary zest. This speaker turned out to be Edna Harbine, long famed for her arguments in American History. After leaving the Capitol we decided to visit the art gallery and view some of the pictures that were causing so much attention. On entering the main wing of the gallery we noticed that a great number of people were crowded around a certain picture. Upon inquiring we learned that it was the latest picture of the world's most famous woman artist, Ruth Humason. Owing to the dense crowd we were unable to see Ruth's picture, but from what we heard I judge it must have come up to her early standards at Analy.

From Washington we went to Boston. While there we attended one of the large theatres. The first thing we saw was a young man who came dancing and prancing onto the stage, followed by a beavy of beautiful girls. Hall Woodworth! How he had changed! In his chorus we recognized other alumni of Analy in the persons of Eugenia Harbine and Freva Fellows. We then visited Vassar, the famous girls' college. In one of the class rooms we found Helen Searby, patiently explaining to a large class the conjugation of some difficult French verbs. While Helen was teaching verbs, outside under the window an energetic athletic teacher was taking a class of girls through a most strenuous exercise, ending up the exercises with spirited school yells. This very vivacious

leader was no other than Gladys Barnes.

From Vassar we went to New York. In New York we found a number of Analy's class of '17. As it was noon when we arrived we, being very hungry, stopped at the first restaurant we could find. The restaurant was a very pretentious affair, but certainly fault could be found with the meal served. Oecil, naturally hard to please, called loudly for the head waiter. He came, bowing and smiling and with the smoothest of easy language, assured us that the dinner was just as it should be. By his persuasive manner we recognized Roy

Williamson.

After leaving the restaurant we were attracted by a large crowd. Pushing our way to the front, whom do you think we say? Viola Miller, and this is what she was saying, "Only 10c a jar. Ladies! Gentlemen! I defy you to produce a better, finer and smoother face cream for this price." As she was saying this she was busily handing out small, hightly-colored jars of the mixture and taking in the dimes.

We had read that morning of a fashion show given by members of New York's society. Neva insisted that we visit it, much to our disgust, but we were afterwards more than glad that she had insisted. Two beautiful and wonderfully dressed society women had tied for first place. The two haughty ladies were no other than Eva Berry and Ruth Leach.

Emma Thole, the fast famous woman athlete and basket-ball authority, had just finished her now widely read book on "How, When and Where to Play Basketball." We saw and talked to her for a few minutes in New York's largest gymnasium, for, through her efforts, New York's women had gone wild over basketball.

London was to be our next stop. Here we found the people mad over the most famous actress of the day—the second Sarah Bernhardt. This famous personage was Rowena Strout. During our stay in London she treated us royally and we were more than sorry to leave. Our next stop was Paris. This time it was Mabel Hotle, the world's famous pianist, then touring France.

From Paris we went to Panama. A great slide had just occurred and a large gang of workmen were at work excavating. The "boss" was a large grizzled fellow, who shouted and raved around in a most vociferous manner. When this fellow saw us he came flying, and shaking us by the hand, he declared his joy at seeing us. It was our class president, Leland Howell. I had always known that Leland would make a great leader some time.

While we were talking to Leland a strange little man kept hurrying and fussing around, scolding continually about the sailing hour of a certain steamer. Leland informed us that it was Reuben Hansen just starting on his famous mission of cleaning up Africa. For the past twenty years, it seemed, Reuben had been figuring out the number of germs in Africa harmful to its population, and was now starting out, with a

whole retinue of helpers, to slay these harmful things. We

are proud of your noble work, Reuben!

In Mexico, the fascinating country of curiosities, we found Ben Woodworth. He was out on a most barren desert so absorbed in studying a crazy bug with a microscope that he did not see us till we spoke to him. He informed us that he was looking for a bug; he had got the inspiration from Mr. Schnabel way back in '17, and this bug was no other than the long-lost specimen of the bow-legged centiped. We wished Ben success and inquired of him the nearest habitation, for we were again getting hungry. Ben directed us to a nearby ranch. At this ranch we obtained some wonderful eats. We were so pleased with them that we inquired concerning the cook. His name, they said, was Robert Miller, but he was at that moment constructing waffles and must not, under any circumstances, be disturbed. So, much to our disappointment, we had to leave without seeing Rob.

In Los Angeles we were amazed and grief-stricken at a most terrible tragedy enacted in that city the very morning of our arrival. It seems that Nola Hazelton, then demonstrator for the Franklin car, had been arrested by a cruel traffic cop, Ernest Botts, for running into and mercilessly crushing the spring hat of the well-known member of Los Angeles society,

Hazel Sanford.

We went back up the coast and stopped to visit old Analy. Among the members of the faculty we found Marian Blunden, the popular Domestic Science teacher. In front of the school was a large auto bus. At the wheel we recognized Claire Pfefferle. It seemed that the auto bus was employed in the transporting of large numbers of pupils from Freestone to Analy.

Sadly we left old Analy. We had seen and visited all the members of the class of '17. Neva returned to her home in Berkeley, Cecil to his work in San Francisco, and I settled down to the easy, peaceful life I had anticipated, perfectly content now that I know what all my old schoolmates were doing. Members of '17, you have done well!

-D. King.



E, the A. U. H. S. class of '17 of the township of Sebastopol, realizing that we are now to be sent forth into the cruel world, and knowing that we will no longer be shielded from danger by the kind and watchful faculty, and feeling that we will not be able to endure such hardships any length of time, deem it necessary to draw up this our last and only will and testament.

To begin with, we, the far-famed Senior class, wish to will away our most valuable community property as follows:

I. It is our fondest and most cherished wish that we be graduated with all possible pomp and splendor and that the expenses and debts incurred from such ostentation be charged to and paid by our parents.

II. To the faculty as a whole we leave our sincere gratitude for their kind attitude toward us. We also leave a dozen bottles of Soothem's Nerve Tonic to soothe their shattered nerves and to help compose them in order that they may again be able to take up their daily routine after our departure.

III. To the Juniors we leave our high and dignified condition and all sweet remembrances of us, hoping they will keep us fresh in their minds throughout Eternity.

IV. To the Sophomores we willingly donate several ounces of common sense to be carefully dealt out in these hard times.

V. To the Freshmen we leave some of our studiousness, so that they may grow up to be as wise and learned Seniors as we have been.

Besides this we make the below stated bequests, individually:

I, Eva Berry, leave my perfectly good powder puff to be chained to the mirror in the girls' cloakroom to be used by the public at large.

I, Marian Blunden, leave my raucous voice to all the teachers who wish to make themselves heard in their classes.

I, Gladys Barnes, leave my boisterous manner to little Freddie Anderson, to enable him to make enough noise to let it be known by those in the study hall that he is alive.

I, Ernest Botts, leave my cute little basketball suit to Mr. Schnabel to be used as a curtain, upon which he may show his scareyopticon views.

I, Neva Carrothers, leave my record in economics to some

future economist.

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I, Freva Fellows, leave my crabs about everything in general to the cooking class to be used in Wednesday menus.

We, Reuben Hansen and Ben Woodworth, leave a fine Morroco bound volume of "Original and Practical Suggestions in Class Meetings" to Dorothy Kent.

I, Leland Howell, leave my green flowered tie to dress up

the bust of Shakespeare for assemblies.

I, Ruth Humason, Analy's champion tennis player, leave my championship to Dano DeVecchi so that Dano will not have to practice so much, thereby he will have more time to study.

I, Genie Harbine, leave my ravenous appetite to Pete Donnelly in order that he may grow enough to serve the army.

My robust complexion I leave to Lillian McNab.

I, Nola Hazelton, regret to say I have nothing to leave

because I am taking everything with me.

I, Edna Harbine, leave my popularity, including my position as captain of the basketball team, along with my record as "Betty," to Lorene Pride.

I, Mabel Hotle, leave a fine collection of "snappy" stories

to the Sophomore English class.

I, Dorothy King, leave my baby doll ways, together with my coquettish manouevres, to Willeta.

I, Ruth Leach, leave my brunette coloring to the fair

Jerome Ames.

I, Viola Miller, bequeath my record of hiking to Louis Purser, realizing that this is a good outlet for his surplus energy.

I, Willard Akers, finding that I am about to leave this land of torture, think it necessary to will away all my valuables, including my absolute denseness in regard to comprehending languages, both foreign and domestic. This most cherished possession I leave to Clarence McKenzie.

I, Robert Miller, dedicate to the Health Officers, one old

pipe to be used to fumigate the school after the next scarlet

fever epidemic.

I, Julia McVean, have profited enough by my thorough study of Gugology to be able to leave "Sleepy" Cummings several bottles of finely pickled worms, knowing his fondness for this relish.

I, Claire Pfefferle, leave my cart to Ruby McGrew, with the understanding that the shafts are to be used in extending the shafts of Ruby's cart sufficiently to keep her ferocious mustang out at a distance of 29.75 feet from the cart.

I, Cecil Pearce, cheerfully donate my position as Josh Editor to Thomas Thomas, hoping he, with the use of his Ford, will be better able to chase up jokes than I have been.

I, Hazel Sanford, leave my happy, noisy ways to "Red

Top" Sheffer.

I, Helen Searby, leave my trip to the Islands to the

school to be used as a penmanship prize.

I, Rowena Foie Strout, bequeath my ability to eat chocolates in class to Laurence Dayton, believeing he will enjoy and profit by this accomplishment as much as I have done in days gone by.

I, Max Steineke, give my position as head of the Trig class and my knowledge of surveying, both in good condition,

to the highest bidder.

I, Emma Thole, will to Mr. Van the silence in the study

hall from 11:25 to 12:25 a.m., caused by my absence.

I, "Blink" Williamson, donate, free of charge, all my medals to Don Walker to be used in plating the walls of his den.

I, Hall Woodworth, leave my long lost "misplaced eye-

brow" to the finder.

I, Harry Vier, leave my dancing ability, wrapped in tissue paper and sealed with a "not-to-be-opened-before-Xmas" seal to the school board to be exhibited by some gifted students in our much-talked-of Gymnasium.

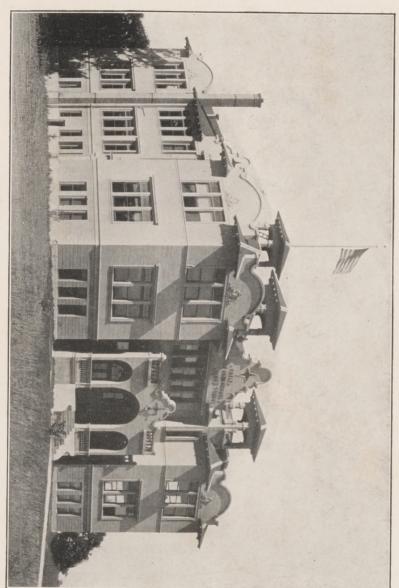
It is our last request that this will be carried out completely as stated. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-fifth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Signed: The Class of '17.

Emma Thole, Marian Blunden, Executors.

"Pete" Donnelly, "Bill" Barlow, "Walt" Carrothers,

Witnesses.



Analy Union High School



Faculty

The Faculty

Mrs. Pulcifer Miss Gregory
Miss Scotford Miss Robinson
Mr. Schnabel Prof. Van Deventer Mr. Ames
Miss Blum Miss Morrison
Miss Northrup Mr. Elmquist

Thanksgiving Tide

Let darkness gather nigh,
No lamps be lit;
The new-cut logs pile high,
And sit
With me in hearty cheer,
Thanksgiving's here.

And when the shadows mute
Play long ago,
Bring in the cellar's fruit
That glow
With soft and ruddy light,
Thanksgiving night.

Then while the pine logs wane
To darker shade,
Rear higher once again,
And fade;
Tell over as of yore,
Thanksgiving lore.
—Laurence E. Dayton.



Editorial

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Athletic Editor HARRY BORBA
School Notes—
Society and Clubs DOROTHY KING
Assemblies and Trips MABEL HOTLE
Dramatics EDNA HARBINE
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FTER one year's routine of study, relieved from its monotony by the more exciting school gatherings, our school has come to the end of the term. We are now 212 pupils, while last year we were only 172 strong. With this increased number we have a greater number of sujects, increased classes for the girls in both cooking and sewing, a larger place for the boys' manual training in the new building, a better place to play basketball, an improved track, and, in short, our school is bigger, better, more modern in its aspect than ever before. Our numerous lectures, assemblies and entertainments have been a great factor in school development. We believe that there is not a student who has not derived some benefit from the year's work in this direction, either in his enlarged viewpoint from the presentation of the ideals of others, or in his learning to appear before the students in assembly.

There is only one thing that dims the brightness of the past year, that we have had no debating team with which to compete with other schools. Debating is one of the most beneficial and useful high school subjects, and competition with other schools increases enthusiasm in that branch. We

have had no team this year, but let us hope that we make up for this in the successes of a next year's team.

In looking back over the year we see something which we wonder if other students have considered. We believe that the student is beginning to shift his responsibility onto the shoulders of the teacher. If a student is chairman of a committee, manager of a team, or another school officer, he is only too willing to allow the teachers to plan and execute instead of suggesting. In grammar school we are taught to follow where our teacher leads us. In college we must stand on our own feet or we are as nothing. Then in high school there should be an intermediate step. Half of the high school students never go to college. When they are thrown on the world to make their own living they have no guiding teacher to follow. They must stand on their own feet, make their own plans, put them into execution. So high school is the place we must begin to think for ourselves. More than once we have seen that the students in charge of a committee, a team or any school activity, instead of doing his own work, helplessly lets his duties fall to the long-suffering advising teacher. We are not trying to stand on our own feet, to shoulder our own responsibility, to train ourselves for our responsibilities after we leave high school, but are content to helplessly drift, leaving our duties to be executed by our teachers. Let us do our own work and allow the teacher to suggest rather than execute our work! Perhaps this appears a trivial matter, unworthy of attention, and yet when one considers he will see it is not, for our studies are not and should not be all we learn in high school.

Altogether, this year has been successful. In scholarship,

athletics, school activities, we have done well.

And last, but certainly not least, we wish to end by extending the thanks of the staff to the advertisers, whose support has made it possible for us to publish this paper.



A Allea

T is the nature of people to be never content with what they have, but that they must have something more, and we are no exceptions, for we wish something which we have not. But perhaps this is not something which is useless, the product of discontent, but a real want, a genuine need.

In the Analy Annual of nineteen twelve, our high school paper of five years ago, we find the suggestion that Analy have a gymnasium. Five years ago students realized this need, two years ago students, with the help of the teachers, started a fund which has grown to some hundred and eightyfour dollars. Perhaps not a very large sum, yet a beginning, and with our limited means, a great proof of our determina-

tion that our cherished plans shall not fail.

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It is almost unnecessary to show how this building should be useful to us. Those who have been to our entertainments, our school assemblies, our receptions, basketball games, and all school gatherings where the pupils and parents come together, will realize how very badly we need a gymnasium—a building where not only athletic training could be given, but a place where students and parents could congregate. basketball teams must now endure the inconvenience of going to the grammar school for their practices and real games. Our crowded study hall will give a good reason if one looks in during a school program. Our girls now have two sources of exercise-tennis and basketball. With a gymnasium they could have less strenuous exercise with our gymnasium ap-With lectures by good talkers the students and patrons, too, could come together for educational purposes not found in our text books.

Our studies, the training of our minds to grasp higher things, the beginning of our life-long search for more knowledge are, perhaps, the greatest thing we gain from high school But of what use is this of we have not strong, healthy bodies with which to work? Good athletic training is very important in preserving the health of the high school student. We might go on to mention a thousand ways we could use this building, but if we consider it we can see the unbounded

possibilities of a building of this sort.

We hope, when it is realized how very much in earnest we are, how much we truly need a gumnasium, it will be erected. We have tried to show our perseverance in raising the sum we now have. We want this gymnasium a great deal and we hope with all our heart that next year it may be begun. It hurt us to hear that our parents did not want a gymnasium. We wonder if they realize how very much we need this, and also how very little it would mean in taxes to each one when

divided among the community.

Our pep is not dead—not yet. We have been raising money for choral, for the Azalea, other events have taken up our time, so that this last part of the term we have not done as much toward gymnasium as we might have wished. But our enthusiasm is left and will burst out again and again until we have our much coveted gymnasium. We will not despair, but work until we have carried our plans to completion, and even though denied financial help for a few years, we will do all in our power, firm in the belief that some day we will have a gymnasium. Proud indeed will we be when at last we see the beginning of a building that fulfils our hopes and dreams, and realize that our plans, our efforts, our work, has helped to accomplish a thing to be of so much benefit to all Analy in the years to come.



School Notes

HE first social event of the school year was, quite naturally, the Freshman Reception. It was given on the night of September 29, in the Grammar School Annex, and was, without doubt, a great success. It was unusually

well attended by members of all the classes.

The decorations for the evening was as clever as they were original. Against an artistic background of greens, large and laughable kewpies were hung, provoking much mirth and fun. During the first part of the evening games were alternated with the dances, while the latter part of the evening was devoted entirely to dancing.

At twelve o'clock, a tired, merry crowd trooped home,

proclaiming it the time of their lives.

Just before Christmas a number of our girls gave an informal dance for the Student Body and Alumni, then home for the holidays. The evening was a great success.

On the evening of February 2, the Freshmen gave to the upper classmen a return reception, a reception of so gorgeous and successful a nature, that all eyes were opened wide with

pleased astonishment.

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> The hall, by the diligent efforts of the Freshmen, had been made into a bower of green and white. Clever programs had also been made by the Freshies. Games, led by Don Walker, were enjoyed between dances. The reception was most certainly a success. Freshmen, we're proud of you!

CIRCUS DAY AT ANALY

Analy has never lacked originality, but when it was announced by artistic posters that she would, on March 29th, put before the public a full-fledged circus, there were no doubt many smiles and expressions such as "Show Me!" But, as many times before, Analy proved herself equal to big things.

At the time set for the grand parade, a large crowd had assembled on Main street. They had not long to wait and were not disappointed. All gazed in rapt wonder at the trained animals, which included a most intelligent white horse and a highly educated giraffe. There were also Rough Riders, Clowns, Tramp Actors and people of many nationalities. The Hawaiians were especially wonderful and the band was never

equaled when it came to noise.

If the parade was a success, the circus held the next evening surpassed it. The many daring feats performed by man and beast would no doubt have brought forth applause from old circus men. The consessions on the Zone were also a great attraction. The Wild Man was beyond description and the Smallest Man in the World could hardly be seen without a microscope. Other interesting features were the Fortune Tellers, the Rocky Road to Dublin and the Slide. Refreshments were served from attractive booths. The profit from all of this amounted to \$132.86, which is to be used to meet the expenses of the Azalea.

ASSEMBLIES

Rev. A. O. Amundson of the M. E. Church gave a very interesting talk on the "Real Little Things of Life," at the first assembly of the year.

The second assembly was enjoyed by every one. It was a debate on the Wilson and Hughes campaign. The debate

was won by the Wilson advocates.

On November 24, a trial was conducted by some of the pupils of the school, under the direction of Miss Scotford. It was the trial of the McMenamin vs. Anderson case. The suit was a breach of peace, instigated by the alleged throwing of ink by the defendant, Anderson, upon the hand of the plaintiff, McMenamin. Roy Williamson was the attorney for the defendant and Homer Thomas for the plaintiff. The judges decided that the defendant was not guilty. The trial was very cleverly worked out and proved to be one of the most enjoyable assemblies of the term.

On December 22, all of the students assembled in the study hall to enjoy a Christmas party. The first part of the program consisted of the following: Selection by the orchestra, reading by Freva Fellows, vocal solo by Fern Powell, piano duet by Kenneth Ross and Marvin Pitt, violin solo by Clifford Woodford, guitar solo by Freva Fellows, and another selection by the orchestra. The remainder of the time was spent in enjoying a Christmas tree, conducted by the students. An exchange gift plan was carried out and afforded a great

deal of amusement.

January 20, an assembly was held by the Senior class. The program was as follows: song, "La Perjura," by a member of the Senior girls, Hawaiian Legend told by Rowena Strout, piano duet by Viola Miller and Mabel Hotle, Fairy Tale told by Emma Thole, song, "Maria," by Senior girls.

A few weeks later Mr. Kern of Berkeley showed us some very interesting slides of the P.P.I.E. and San Diego Exposition.

February 9, Dr. Bixby gave the pupils and teachers of

Analy an instructive lecture on "The First Aid."

February 16, Mr. Beers, representative of the Macmillan Book Company, entertained the Student Body by nearly a half hour with interesting and comical stories. Afterward Mr. Schnabel showed us a few slides consisting of views of southern California, Yosemite and places of beauty around the bay.

February 21, we were shown fifty slides of the Panama Canal. Mr. Van Deventer explained each picture thoroughly

and in an interesting manner.

The program for the student assembly, on March 2, was presented by the Junior class. The first number was a piano duet by Edith Ramsey and Ruth Churchman. This was followed by a skit entitled, "Uncle Sam's Peace Party." Roland Carrothers was a very good representation of Uncle Sam, and immigrants from every nation came to pay him their respects. It was very cleverly carried out.

March 9, Father Sesnon of St. Sebastians Church entertained Analy by telling of the customs and scenes of southern Italy. Personal experiences made the talk more interesting. He also sang several folk songs, which were greatly enjoyed.

On March 21, the Student Body assembled to enjoy a few

Current Event slides.

The following afternoon we were again entertained when

shown some interesting slides of Central America.

On March 23, Mr. Kern again returned to Analy, much to the delight of the students. He showed slides on Indoor Decoration of Home and School. Mr. Kern is a very interesting speaker and his pictures were of the best. These series of pictures proved of special interest to those girls taking the Home Study Course.

April 4, the students of Analy assembled to hear a short talk by Mrs. McCorkle on "Patriotism."

April 6, Mr. Kern again visited Analy. This time he

brought with him a set of slides of Athletic and Play Festivals. Mr. Elmquist sang several songs, which are always enjoyed.

James McMenamin, a former student of Analy, and now attending Stanford University, gave one of his enthusiastic talks on school spirit.

TRIPS

The U.S. History and Civics Classes, accompanied by Miss Scotford, journeyed to Santa Rosa one morning early in the term to attend court. They listened to the Jack London trial concerning water rights. This trip proved a most instructive one.

The Civics Class, later in the term, again attended court. There they heard foreigners taking naturalization papers. The trip was very helpful to the class in their work.

The girls of the Domestic Art and Science Classes, accompanied by Miss Morrison, visited the silk and flour mills at Petaluma. This trip was both pleasant and instructive.

The German Club has, as usual been very active this year. Meetings have been held every two weeks throughout the year at the homes of the different members. Early in the term officers were elected, as follows: Ruth Lyons, president; Bertram Bower, vice president; Ruth Churchman. secretary. Second term officers were elected shortly after the They were: Elsie Sanborn, prsident; Akers, vice president; Ruth Churchman, secretary.

Among the many delightful gatherings of the club was the German Christmas party at the home of Elsie Sanborn. For the past four years Elsie has given the club a good oldfashioned German Christmass tree at Christmas time. year there was more fun than usual. German games were played and German songs sung. At a late hour dainty refreshments were hung.

A Home Economics Club was organized this year, under the direction of Miss Morrison. Helen Searby was elected president and served throughout the year. We hope to hear more from this club, girls, next year.

La Romeria has been meeting regularly this year, with an unusually large attendance. Many new songs have been learned by the members.

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HE good ship "Analy Athletics" has made port after a successful ten months' cruise, with plenty of steam in the boilers, the hatches filled with hard-earned victories, and the crews all as hale and hearty as the day when port was cleared. The log book shows our enviable record and sets forth not only the deeds of the track team, but exploits the "spirit" of the basketball teams, the courage of the baseball team, and the dying struggles of the tennis trio. Viewing from the bridge, the voyage was a most successful one. All of the teams tasted of sweet victory, some to a greater extent than others, but in all the teams the element of fight was to be observed as the outstanding feature of the play.

Especially is the work of the track team to be commended. The railbirds, those brilliants, who are far-seeing prophets at the figuring of field meets, couldn't see Analy at all on the track this season. After the loss of Heintz, Varner and Purrington, regarded as the most dependable athletes in their events in either the S. N. S. or C. I. F. Leagues, our chances did look rather dubious. But the old "Analy Spirit" rapidly came to the fore after training started and the boys came through in great shape.

The fall meet of the C. I. F. League was held on our oval. Analy was second with 39½ points, being close to Santa Rosa, who had 48 points.

This spring the boys got back into harness with a vim. The first meet was held at St. Helena under the auspices of the S. N. S. League. Healdsburg was first with 39½ points, Vallejo second with 30 2-5 points, Analy third with 29 7-10 points.

The spring meet of the C. I. F. was held at Santa Rosa. We were represented by a full team and succeeded in capturing second place and rubbing Ukiah so closely for first that they were verging on the entrance of the Ukiah Ayslum from nervous prostration. The score was, Ukiah first, 40 1-3; Analy second, 31 1-3.

Roy Williamson, that "blinking" star whose bright light has blazoned Analy's heaven for four long short years, was as usual the "big" point winner of the year. "Blink," the unbeatable, has come to be as great a figure, as unsurmountable a hulk as the weight thrower from Santa Rosa, in his own class. There doesn't seem to be any one in the North Coast League who can run with "Blink," or near him. They do well to keep him in sight. His events this year were the 440 yd., 880 yd. runs and the broad jump. At the fall meet on our oval he broke the league records in each of these events.

The loss of Roy this year, for this is his last and greatest year, is a serious blow to the track team and basketball team. He could be counted upon for so many points at each meet, and in basketball always was the dependable Johnny to keep the ball away from the enemies' basket. Not only is he great on track and in basketball, but he was equally great in classroom and among his fellow students. We, therefore, lose not only a king-pin athlete but a good student and a regular fellow in the graduating of "Blink."

Our great "ambish" was satisfied, however, while we still had Roy. In both the spring meets we finished ahead of Santa Rosa. After the perennial point-pillager Weeks was given the gate by league officials, Santa Rosa's fighting spirit did not brodie and they were left stranded high and dry in both spring meets.

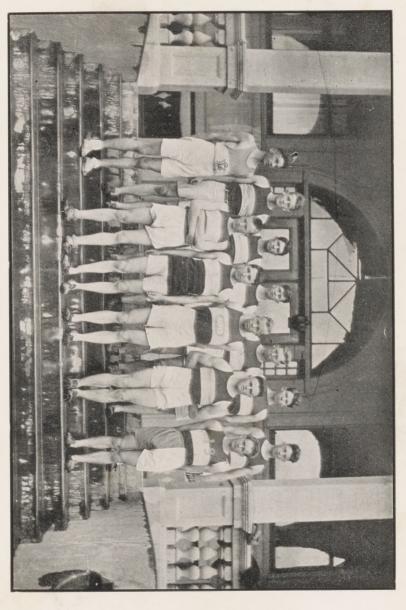
The point winners of this year were:

Williamson, 464.	Barlow, 74.	Thomas, 1½.
Heintz, 13	Ames, 7.	Wadsworth, 1.
Burns, 11 8-15.	Foster, 3.	Carrothers, 34.
Mobley, 7½.	Maddocks, 2	Meyers, 4.
		THE REST OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

Baseball

While the track team was weakened by last year's graduation, the baseball team was ruined. So said the r. b.'s, and maybe they were right. There wasn't a veteran around whom a team could be built. From catcher right through to bench warmers the team had to be rebuilt from raw material.

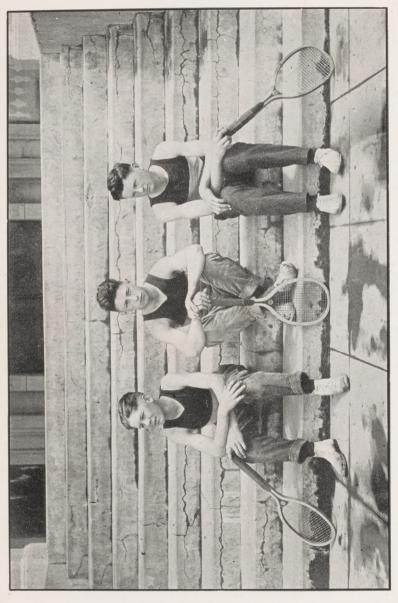
Harry Borba was elected manager, and with Leo Burns as first lieutenant, started in to take stock of the resources at hand and to conscript. Being kept out of the trenches by basketball until late in the spring, the team tackled Petaluma



Track Team Top—Winkler, Carrothers, Ames, Malm, Williamson, Mobley, Barlow Bottom—Edgerton, Meyers, Heintz, Burns, Thomas

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Tennis Team Arnett, Barlow, Anderson

at Petaluma in the first C. I. F. League game. The game was played on a young cow pasture, overrun by ditches and barbwire entanglements.

We played Petaluma right off their feet, and though beaten 3 to 1, we taught them such respect that they were loath to repeat despite our coaxing.

Our next campaign was at Tomales. With the wind blowing forty an hour, we taught the Tomales boys their place, upon the side of a hall, and carried off the fat end of a 17 to 2 score. Harry Barr pitched both battles and maneuvered with all the skill of an old-time moundsman, although he had never pitched before.

After challenging unsuccessfully every high school team within traveling distance, we were forced to give up in despair. However, as we lose but one player this year, prospects are bright for a championship aggregation next year. With track weakened by a big loss, baseball should come back into its own as the leading sport of the school.

Basketball

Analy was represented in basketball by a fighting team. They worked constantly and faithfully and a team was built up that exhibited at all times a never-back-up spirit. Although they were nosed out in the first C. I. F. League game with Sonoma, they never lost confidence and their record for the season, while far from perfect, is one to be proud of. The team won six out of ten games played, and in each game the team preserved its reputation as a fighting bunch.

The members of the team were Walker, Clark, Foster, Williamson, Carrothers, Anderson.

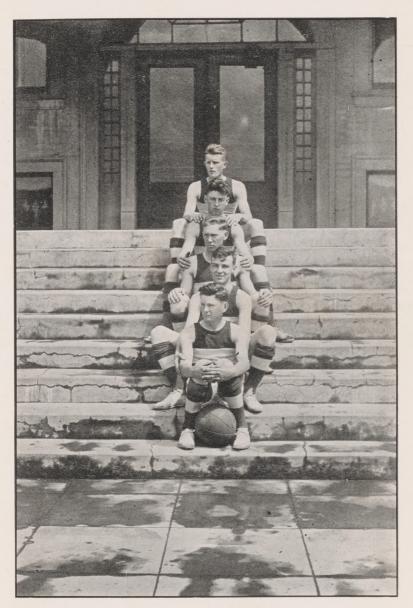
The Midgets were to the fore again this year with a snappy lightweight team that played clever basketball. They won two out of four "big games" played, besides winning innumerable practice scuffles. The Midget organization has done much to keep the enthusiasm for basketball at the highest pitch, and next year we shall surely find several "Midgets" lined up with the "big" team.

The following players composed the team: Anderson

and Arnett, forwards; Scott, center; Raulet and Thomas, guards.

The girls turned out well for practice this year and a good team was organized. Five games were played, and unfortunately the girls lost three of them. Those who played were Ruth Churchman, forward; Victoria Edgeworth, forward; Hazel Churchman, touch center; Edna Harbine and Freva Fellows, side centers; Edith Ramsey and Aileen Jack, guards.





Boys' Basketball Team

Top to Bottom—Carrothers, Barlow, Williamson,

Walker, Anderson



Baseball Team
Top—Malm, Barr
Second Row—Vier, Walker, Purser, Burns, Borba
Third Row—Anderson, Arnett



Girls' Basketball Team
Top—Edna Mills, Hazel Churchman
Center—Edith Ramsey, Edna Harbine, Stella Howes
Bottom—Freva Fellows, Ruth Churchman



"Merchant of Venice" Cast

The Merchant of Henice

NOTHER year! and the time for the eighth Skakespearean play on our beautiful camps has arrived. Once again we are taken back to the scenes of the 16th century. Once again, on the 25th of May, the campus presents a spectacular view; the stage with its natural setting, the bright costumes of the players, and the impatient, buzzing audience.

What was the play? Why, it was "The Merchant of Venice," that well known Shakespearean comedy. The large audience soon forgot the present and drifted back three hundred years, back to the time of Shylock, the cruel Jew, and Antonio, the kind merchant of Venice. The characters were so well portrayed that it was no effort for us to slip back with

them into the past.

The cast was largely composed of inexperienced players, this being their first Shakespearean play. We realized the dramatic ability of Mrs. Greene more than ever as we witnessed the success of the play. Miss Gregory and Miss Scotford assisted Mrs. Greene, and great credit is due them for this success. The Duke of Venice Leland Howell Prince of Arragon _____ Earl Wohler Antonio Charles Meyers Bassanio Roland Carrothers Salanio Floyd Arnett Salerino Willard Akers Gratiano Clifford Woodford Salerio Westwood Case Lorenzo Ray Wadsworth Shylock Lawrence Dayton Tubal Roy Williamson Old Gobbo Roy Williamson Launcelot Paul Raulet Leonards Clarence McKenzie Stephano Albert Martin Portia Ruth Churchman Nerissa Viola Miller Jessica Lillian McNab

Sylvia

HE Pastoral Operetta "Sylvia" was presented by the Choral Society on March 4th. The conscientious work of Mr. Elmquist, Miss Northrup, and Mrs. Pulcifer, together with the interest taken by the students, made it a thorough success. The cast was as follows: Sir Bertram DeLacy, court poet _____Don Walker Prince of Tobbytum, man of consequence.....Ray Wadsworth William, an honest farmer......Clifford Woodford Robin, a country lad ______Earl Erickson Sylvia, betrothed to DeLacy.....Fern Powell Betty, betrothed to William Edna Harbine Arabella) Araminta) Ladies in waiting of the court Madelyn Post, Margurite Bower Polly) Molly) Farmers' daughters Dolly) Helen Morford, Hilda Anderson and Freva Fellows

Chorus, Farm lads, farmers' daughters and hay makers
This two-act comedy takes place in a hay field. It is a
scene placed in the 18th century. The court lady and the
country maid have become tired of their lovers. The frivolous
court lady suggests changing lovers for one day. The plan is
carried out, but not without difficulties to their friends. In
the end each decides that her own lover is the best. The
harvest moon shines upon the final scene, and to do her honor,
the hay makers, before going home, sing a song in her praise.





Choral Society



Junior Class



Sophomore Class



The Freshman Class

Class Notes

HE graduating class of June, 1916, declared that all the pep would be taken from Analy High when they left. They have gone their way, and our school still holds

its high reputation.

Individual class work has shown itself more prominently than ever, the Juniors taking the lead. The first semester Lee Walker was chosen their leader. The boys showed themselves valiant fighters, both in the interclass basketball games, carrying off first place, and also winning second in interclass track. They had the largest representation of any class in the track, basketball and baseball teams. Fred Anderson was the champion tennis player.

Edith Ramsey was the foremost of the Junior class in scholarship. Laurence Dayton is noted for his poetic genius. They made up half of the debating class, preparing to fight

to win next year.

The Sophomores stand second on the honor roll. Ray Wadsworth was president the first semester, followed by

Hazel Churchman.

The Sophs have made it dangerously uncomfortable for the Juniors in all the class contests. They won first place in the track meet. George Heintz, the coming famous miler; Denman Barlow and Leo Burns are three of our most noteworthy trackmen. Denman Barlow and Floyd Arnett are close rivals of Fred Anderson. They gave one of the best entertainments of the classes to the Student Body. Since Harry Borba has resigned from the editorship of "The Analy Student," Hazel Churchman has faithfully conducted the affairs.

The Freshies have made a brave struggle. They tried their best to beat the Seniors in the interclass basketball games and track meet. Harry Barr will develop into one of Analy's best baseball pitchers. Winkler and many others will, in the near future, make good on the track if they keep constantly training.

Homer Thomas has been the president and bright star of learning in his class. If he, Don Walker, Estella Sinclair and Kenneth Ross follow the fiery road of debating they will soon heap honors upon our school in that brain-racking science.

	WHAT THEY THINK THEY ARE	Nifty	Classy	Right	Tough	Noisy	Fat	Funny	Spanish Shark	Prima Dona	Sweet Sizteen	Cute	Quiet	Sweet	Musician	Angular
	CAUSE OF DEATH	Economics	Rambling Answers	Talking Too Loud	Not Being Able to	Going to School	Company E	Sitting Still	Being Quiet	Studebakers	Fungi	Dancing	Lack of Exercise	Bashfulness	Flirting	Selling Ice Cream
Horoscope	WHAT ST. PETER WILL SAY	Always Room for One More	Your're Really Not	Trot Along In	We'll Let It Go This Time	You Won't Have to Take the Ex.	Room for You Right Here	No Monkey Busi- ness Here	Looks May Be De- ceiving, but Come In	Harold Just Went By in His Car	Get Your Powder	You Will Have to Wait for Your Friends	I Don't Dare Refuse You	Beat It while Your Shoes are Good	Get a Haircomb	Make Yourself at Home
Horo	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	Oh! Kid.	Hey, Guy	I Don't See Why	Quit Your Kidding	I Bet I Got a "5"	Meeting Please Come to Order	I Don't Care	Que Tenemos Para	Ding Bust It	Oh, Conscious of Bliss	Don't Forget Your Dues	I Should Say Not	Oh, Geel	Yah	Oh, Landy
	OCCUPATION	Studying	Spiffling Up	Jolly	Chasing Joshes	Teaching School	Athletics	Scrapping and Mak- ing Up	Doing Nothing	Acting Cute	Primping	Flirting	Talking	Giggling	Trig.	Teaching Solid Geometry
	ALIAS	Nibs	Ikey	Mary	Pearce	Mamie	Grundy	Ed	One	Dot	Berry	Enrie	Emmy	Leach	Max	Vi
	NAME	Neva	Hall	Marian	Cecil	Mabel M.	Leland	Edna	Harry	Dorothy	Eva	Ernest	Emma	Ruth L.	Max	Viola

	Continued
1 1	Horoscope

NAME A			DILL OF THE	TITLE OF DEPTED		WHALL LALL LARW
-	ALIAS	OCCUPATION	FAVORITE	WILL SAY	CAUSE OF DEATH	THEY ARE
_	Just Helen	Crabbing	When I Go to the Islands	You are Always Welcome	The War	Angellic
Robert Bo	Bob	Chaffeur	I Am Going Down to Church (Garage)	Speed Limit 10 Miles per Hour	Talking	Artist
Nola	Nory	Riding in Franklin Sedan	Oh, Shoot	Come In, Good Little Girl	Boys	Good Natured
Hazel H	Hade	Smiling	Oh, Dear	Where is Your Passport	Queening	Industrious
Benjamin B	Benny	Starting Things	By Heck	There's a Ticket to the Other Place	Biology	Cartoonist
Julia	Me.	Horticulture	She Has None	Do You Think You Will Like It Here?	Boys in Biology	Dignified
Gladys	Glad	Sewing	What's the Lesson	Your Friends are Waiting Here	Grades	Impudent
Reuben	Swede	Chewing Gum	I Didn't Study My Lesson	No Room for Tenors Here	U. S. History	Naughty
Claire B	Babe	Writing Notes	That's a Cute Kid	At Last You're Here	Won't Tell	Interesting
Rowens	Foie	Reading Novels	That's Right	Height Limited Here	Candy	Big
Roy B	Blink	Manager	Jiminy Crickets	Take Missionary Work Elsewhere	Stenography	Clever
Eugenia	Gene	Singing	I Dunno	No Giggling Allowed	Music I	Ignorant
Ruth H. F	Ruthie	Worrying	Did You Get a Let- ter for Me?	Welcome	Too Much Work	Tall
Freva	Fre	Sighing	That's Enough of	Innocence is Bliss	Freckles	Clerical
Willard	Acres	Writing Essays	&: &: &: &: &: &:	Who Sent You Here?	S-s-s-lups	Essayist

Alumni

W. Leland Barlow	 -	President
Charles Newell -	 Vice	President
Gussie Wedehase	 -	Secretary
Eleanor Purrington	 -	Treasurer

CLASS OF 1910

	V		
Rena Bonham	Mrs. R. Allen	New	Hampshire
Marguerite Jewell	Stenographer		Sebastopol
Logan Smith	Navy		
Bright Street	Teaching		Fresno
Charles Wiggins	Teaching		Sebastopol
Ida Halberg	At Home		Graton

Class of 1911

Ernest Hansen	Working	Stockton
Ray Johnson	Teaching	Graton
Blanche Moran	Mrs. Garrison	Marysville
Adelia Payne	Stenographer	Santa Rosa
Evelyn Sweetnam	Mrs. Chandler	Calistoga
Harold Wiggins	Working	Sebastopol
Bernard Wilkie	Working	San Francisco
Paul Woolsey	Piano Tuner .	Hood River, Ore.
		, , , , ,

CLASS OF 1912

	CHASS OF 1312	
Maude Barlow	Attending U. C.	Berkeley
Iva Bryan	Mrs. Breaks	Sebastopol
Howard Clayton	Ranching	Auburn
John Donnelly	Deceased	
Lewis Johnson	Teaching	Merced Co.
Rose Lowary Florence Maddocks	Attending U. C.	Berkeley
Ruth Meeker	Teaching	Oak Grove
Mamie Miller	Teaching Teaching	Vine Hill
Hilmar Oehlman	Attending U. C.	Occidental
	Triending U. C.	Berkelev

Ethel Poe Marie Simpson Emma Street Tom Street Alma Swain Helen Thor Gussie Wedehase Adele Williams Joe Williamson

Mrs. Mars Attending U. C. Teaching Teaching Teaching Teaching Teaching Mrs. Geo. Ross Attending Stanford

Healdsburg Berkelev Goddard Dist. Fresno Green Valley San Jose Sebastopol Forestville Palo Alto

CLASS OF 1913

Mable Barnes George Bertoli John Bertoli Grace Disher Harriet Fyfe Ruth Hair Amelia Hillard Orpha Kelly Anita Laton Gertrude Langlois Ralph Langlois Charles Newell Grace Stillings Irma Strout Theo. Thomas Ralph Wiggins Julia Walsh Jessie Winkler Dee Winter Lucile Williamson

Mrs. Leland Cooper P. & S. College Attending U. C. Teaching Working Mrs. David Durst Stenographer Mrs. L. Ames Attending U. C. At Home At Home Teacher of Music At Home At Home Davis Farm Attending Normal Working At Home Teaching Attending Stanford Mrs. L. Brown

San Francisco San Francisco Berkelev Marshall Dist. San Francisco Susanville San Francisco Sebastopol Berkeley Auburn Auburn Sebastopol Sebastopol Sebastopol Davis San Jose Santa Rosa Graton Palo Alto

CLASS OF 1914

Carmen Blessing Bertram Bower Ivv Burroughs Dorothy Maddocks Margaret Patterson

Pauline Van Vicel

Attending U. C. Teaching At Home Mrs. Taplin

Berkeley Mt. Olivet Sebastopol St. Helena

Hessel

Edna Ristau Lawrence Ristau Sylver Strout Minnie Wedge Mrs. Ray Johnson Ranching Stenographer Working Graton Merced Co. Sebastopol Los Angeles

CLASS OF 1915

W. Leland Barlow Jessie L. Batchelor Albert Batton Lawrence Carrillo C. Walter Cole Una Dodenhoff Mildred Hillard Vernon Kent Anna R. Lunceford Martha Lowary Harriet Maddocks Rayma Murphy Florence Pfefferle Frances Purrington Lucille Scott Vincent Speers Elizabeth Hicks Charles Rogers Emilie Williamson Eva Williamson

Ranching
Working
At Home
Ranching
P. & S. College
Mrs. Albert Westfall
Mrs. Frank Fellers
Working
Working
Attending Normal
At Home
Stenographer
Teaching
Attending Normal
Attending Normal

Attending Normal
P. & S. College
At Home
At Home

Sebastopol
Santa Rosa
Sebastopol
Sebastopol
San Francisco
Hessel
Sebastopol
Los Angeles
Sebastopol
San Jose
Graton
Santa Rosa
Sebastopol
San Jose
San Jose
San Jose

San Jose San Francisco Tomales Sebastopol

CLASS OF 1916

Joe Silveira
James McMenamin
Louise Barlow
Lenore Smith
Marjorie Shatto
Ruth Lyons
John Heintz
Raymond Wilson
William Irwin
Thomas Rauch
Sarah McMenamin

At Home
Attending Stanford
Attending U. C.
Attending Normal
P. G. Course
At Home
Naval Academy
At Home
At Home
Marines
P. G. Course

Sebastopol Palo Alto Berkeley Fresno Sebastopol Graton Annapolis Santa Rosa Santa Rosa

Sebastopol

Laramie Florence Ryan Forestville Fay Hawkins At Home Cuthbert Malm P. & S. College San Francisco Robert Searby Ranching Sebastopol Davis Farm Davis Wilbur Purrington Owen McManus Eugene Carrillo Navy Attending Stanford Carter Phair Palo Alto Jessie Chinnock Pacific Union College St. Helena At Home Sebastopol Harlen Varner Elsie Sanborn P. G. Course Sebastopol San Francisco Merritt Jewell P. &. S. College Attending Normal Georgia Swain San Jose P. G. Course Alfred Leland Sebastopol



Exchanges

HE exchange department is a great benefit to the school book, as it keeps up a spirit of rivalry which cannot fail to make the book come up to a higher standard. We have read and enjoyed every journal. Our school exchanges have been made with the kindest of feeling and we hope to have the privilege of welcoming you each one again next year.

"Ilex," Woodland High School, Woodland, Cal.: What a splendid book! We want to congratulate you especially on your very attractive cover, your paper and more than ordinary literary department.

"The Gondolier," Venice Union Polytechnic High School, Venice, Cal., Sept., 1916: You have a very good paper, but don't you think some jokes and a more attractive cover would improve it?

"Napanee," Napa High School, Napa, Cal.: Such an attractive book is the "Napanee"! Your book surely speaks loudly of school spirit. We especially enjoyed your jokes and we think the exchange section shows marked originality.

"El Susurro," Monterey Union High School, Monterey, Cal.: We like your book, especially the stories, but we would advise a few more joshes and snap-shots to liven it up a bit.

"The Searchlight," San Rafael High School, San Rafael, Cal.: Your book speaks well for your school, but your josh department is especially worthy of comment. We think it is too bad to spoil such a pretty cover with an ad on the back.

"Spectator," Cloverdale High School, Cloverdale, Cal.; You have a fine little book and the real photo part of the josh cut was an exceedingly clever idea. You are well supplied with poetry also.

"Breath of Ocean," Fort Bragg High School, Fort Bragg, California: Your literary department is good and you also have some quite clever art cuts, but we would suggest a different shape for your book and a few more jokes.

"Sierra Vista," Bret Harte Union High School, Angels, Cal.; We like your literary section, but we would advise a better grade of paper and a more extensive josh department.

Kind Heart, Farewell!

Kind spirit, though we part,
Remembrances are dear.
Sweet thoughts shall linger still
Of moments here.

Thy smile wrought joy for all;
No tear could loiter nigh;
Thy sighs found in return
A kindred sigh.

How willing e'er those hands!

Though weary, yet they grieve
Some toil at dusk undone
They still must leave.

With each day as a goal,

Thou strove to reach its height.

Happy at eve if wrong

Had found its flight.

And must we sever now?

Thy smile gives parting pain.

Alas, kind heart, farewell!

We meet again.



Joshes

Sonnet to Chemistry

In Analy's halls three years I've watched fade,
And many soothing subjects have I ta'en;
Oft list'ning to the soft melodious strain
Of English, while anon a glimmer strayed
From Mathematics, through the hole that made
A way for sunlight in the darkened pane;
Yet naught in torture racked this growing brain,
Till one dim load upon my soul was laid.

Ah, Chemistry! how vain thy drudgery,
How soaked with H-2-O and acid thou!
If it were not that college asked for thee,
What joy to leave behind my burden now!
Ev'n though the world about by thee were led,
I only of them all would keep my head.
—Lawrence Dayton.

Bright Remarks by Clever People

Miss Robinson: "Coal grows all the way from California to Alaska.

Mildred: "Orpheus was the wife of Eurydice."

We Learned This in Biology

Miss Robinson: "Clarence, name the bones of the cranium."

Clarence: "The upper jaw and the lower jaw."

Missionary Zeal

Student: "I wish to ask a question about a tragedy."
English Teacher: "Yes?"
Student: "What is my grade?"

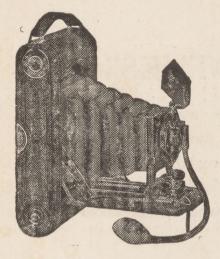
Teacher: "Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"
Student (we won't tell who): "Why, I thought he lived at the White House."



Analy Snap-Shots



Analy Snap-Shots



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B. D. LINDERMAN

HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Couldn't Be Her's

McKenzie: "Are you all finished?"

Peggy (writing of frogs in biology): Almost; I am on the brain."

Permanent Residents

Miss Robinson: "What birds are not migratory but permanent residents in this country?"

Rueben H.: "Chickens."

Mr. Van Deventer, speaking to the assembly on thieves: "There are thieves in every school. They had them at U. C. I know, because I was there."

"Lord! What fools these mortals be." (Shakespeare)

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Mr. Van Deventer (addressing Freshie English): "What three words are most used by high school students, Glenn?"

Glenn W.: "I don't know."
Mr. V.: "Correct."

Neva: "I can't say I like your tooth paste." Roland: "That's shaving cream."

Sebastopol Meat Co.

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Worth's Drug Store

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KING'S CANDY STORE

Science

Blink: "I'll bet I can hit that grasshopper on the ear."

Charles M.: "I'll bet I can hit him on the left tooth."

Max S.: "I'll bet I can hit him on the eyebrow."

Beauchamp: "I'll bet I can hit him on the bounce."

Patriotism

Geo. H.: "I'm going to aid my country by planting beans."

Reuben H.: "You're slow. Mr. Strider has harvested one crop of alfalfia already and is now growing spinach."

Freddie: "I sleep like a log."

Hilda: "With a saw going through it."

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Santa Rosa, Cal.

O', where is Analy's humor?
O', where are Analy's wits?
What is the matter with them?
Why don't they make some hits?

O', where are Analy's funny men? Purser, Beauchamp and the like? They're here until we want a joke And then they hike.

Phone 29

DR. J. W. CLINE

Cline Theater Building

Santa Rosa

Ray: "What's your hurry, Bob?"

Bob M.: "I'm trying to get something for Miss Robinson."

Ray: "How much are you asking for her?"

Lee Walker (in Eng. III, after studying Bacon, Hazlitt and Lamb): "We have been studying essays of Bacon and Ham."

J. R. LEPPO Attorney-at-Law

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Madalyn Post, after being absent, asked Mr. Van Deventer for an excuse.

Mr. V.: "What was the trouble, Madalyn?"

M. P.: "I had to stay home to take care of my

Mr. V.: "Are you the only child in your family?"
M. P.: "Yes, sir."

He Sure Does Do It

Philosophic Senior (to Frifilous Freshie): "Do you know 'How Doth the Little Busy Bee?""

Wilbur (the Freshie): "No. but you bet your life I know he doth it."

Economics

Wise saying from Mr. Schnabel: "If you don't knead (need) bread, it will not rise."

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JOHN ROSS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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Miss G. (after Freddie's oral composition on Long John): "Don't you think that was rather short for Long John?"

One of the twins (we don't know which) was talking on tigers. "The tiger is wilder, perhaps, than the cat because it is farther away from civilization."

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War Times

Geo. H. (buying hash from the cooking class): "My plate is dirty."

Miss Morrison: "Sh-h, that's your hash."

Miss Morrison (in cooking): "Where are the nuts?"

Mary K.: "Over here, Miss Morrison."

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Some Strain

Dorothy K.: "My, Mr. Van Deventer, don't you find it awfully hard being good enough to be a teacher?"

Lawrence Dayton: "They say Westwood Case has the brain fever."

Reuben: "Fat chance."

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"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them (Us.)"

One day Mr. Van Deventer went out surveying with two of the Trigonometry boys.

Firstly, as the three passed Mr. Powell's, Mr. Powell said: "Hello, boys;" what are you youngsters doing, experimenting?" Later (A vegetable peddler): "What are you boys doing, surveying the road?" and lastly, Irene Newcomb (who was standing in her front yard) said to the two boys very curiously: "Who is that kid over there?"

Miss Robinson: "What is water?"

Max S.: "A colorless liquid that turns black when you wash your hands in it."

Lillian: "Do you like eggs with brains?"
Paul R.: "I didn't know eggs had brains."

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In the Civics Class

The subject under discussion in the Civics Class was coinage and the frequency of changing the design on American coins.

Miss Scotford: "I know you have all seen the new dimes. How often may the design on dimes be changed?"

All hands were raised and the students shouted in chorus: "Every twenty-five years."

Miss Scotford: "How often may buffalo quarters be changed?"

Silence.

Harry Borba (inspired): "Whenever the park commissioners see fit."

Max S.: "I used to take singing till I caught on to myself."

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539 5th St., Santa Rosa, Cal.

How soaked with H-2-O and acid thou! If it were not that college asked for thee,

What joy to leave behind my burden now! Ev'n though the world about by thee were led, I only of them all would keep my head.

—Lawrence Dayton.

Miss Scotford: "Do the Germans ever leave anything valuable behind them in the trenches?"
Mr. Schnabel: "Not a drop."

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PETALUMA, CALIF.

Don Walker (having been complimented upon his successful manipulation of a horse trade): "But how do you know I got the better of the trade when you haven't seen the horse I got?"

"I saw the horse you had."

Zelda P. (caressing Shakespeare's bust): "Looks just like me. Isn't he cute?"

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Roy W. (in assembly): "The Juniors will meet in room six and the Seniors will all meet above."

Not a Trifling Matter

Willard: "Do you think I stand on trifles?" Ernest B. glancing at his feet: "No!"

All But the Dough

Louis: "Were you ever in Greece?" Ray: "No! Do you think I'm a doughnut."

Mary (having a hard time with her drawing): "Oh, Dear!"

Charles M.: "I'll be there in a minute."

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Mr. Van Deventer (coming into history class. Class, by the way, discussing Socialism):

Mr. Van Deventer (after listening for about twenty minutes): "What is this we're discussing, Feudalism?"

What's the use of buying a canary bird for five dollars when Skinner will whistle for a penny.

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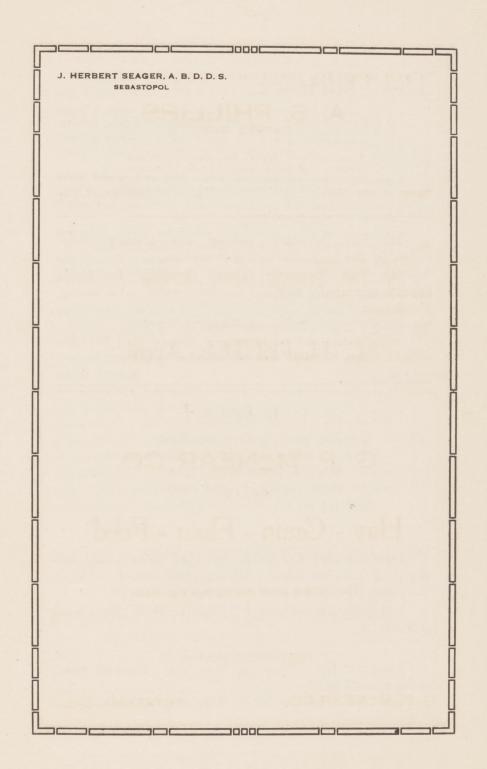
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A mechanic can take material worth fifty dollars and make it into wheels worth a thousand dollars. That's Skill.

A merchant can take an article worth fifty cents and sell it for a dollar. That's Business.

The author of this can write a check for ninety thousand dollars, but it wouldn't be worth a cent. That's Tough.

There are automobile makers in this country who use four thousand pounds of material to build an automobile and they will tell you that this automobile will serve them with pleasure and economy. That's Deceit.

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PHONE 531-J

SANTA ROSA

An Acrobat

A young berry picker out West
Made a bet he could sit on his chest.
When he filled up his tray
To the chests he did stray
And sat on his own for a rest.

-L. D.

Our Drawing Class one morning were busily engaged in drawing cubes, and one pupil asked: "Miss Morrison, how large shall we make the cube?"

"Make them life-sized," replied Miss Morrison, innocently.

Dorothy K.: "George, have you finished your political outline?"

Geo. J.: "Yes, as far as I am concerned."

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Dorothy K.: "Well, you'd better wear it all the time, then."

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